

news report: boy accidentally confesses to love of life

by innersanctuaries

Series: [News Report \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, First Kiss, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Idiots in Love, Light Angst, Love Confessions, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-09

Updated: 2019-12-09

Packaged: 2019-12-16 18:31:32

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,052

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

So there he lay in the wee hours of the morning, half scared that a spider would drop down in his face, half throwing his own little pity party. Eddie hated this.

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Author's Note:

Because I couldn't post the other one and not give you guys the camping scene. It's a little different but that's because a bitch can't have a character confess and leave him high and dry, even if it's for the sake of continuity. I can't be that mean to these babies, I'd rather die!!

Song inspo is Broken by lovelytheband

Eddie hated this.

Well, not this specifically. He loved this, camping with the rest of the Losers. He just hated that it was because Bill was moving. Eddie hated it because Beverly was gone, Bill was going to be gone, and soon, he would be too.

Nobody else knew yet, he didn't want to kick everyone while they were down, but he was moving soon. He wasn't exactly sure where it was, but it was away from his best friends and the only home he'd ever known, so Eddie could safely say that he absolutely fucking hated it.

They'd gone swimming at the quarry, hung out in the clubhouse, toasted marshmallows, and set up their tents. Or rather, they had failed at setting up their tents and chose to sleep in the clubhouse instead. They all drew straws for the hammock, and to everyone else's dismay, Eddie was the lucky bastard who'd gotten the short straw. Who knew getting the short straw could be a good thing?

So there he lay in the wee hours of the morning, half scared that a spider would drop down in his face, half throwing his own little pity party.

He didn't want to have to tell anyone, but he especially didn't want to have to tell Richie. Bill may have been his best friend, but he felt something a bit different for Richie. He wouldn't be caught dead saying it, but sometimes he thought he *like* liked Richie. There was no way he would ever be able to say a thing about it, though. Not when the world was the way it was.

Eddie knew Richie would be heartbroken. He may not show it, but he would be. The way his eyes had filled with tears behind his bottle cap glasses when Bill said he was moving made Eddie's own heart hurt. Of course, Richie's immediate response was something along the lines of, "What, so I can't fuck your mom anymore?", but they all knew that was his own dumbass way of expressing his sadness. Humor to cope, that was Richie's way of dealing with emotions.

There was a weird mixture of feelings in him, all of which boiled down to this: he didn't want to leave, and he certainly didn't want to have to tell anyone he was leaving. He told himself it was so he wouldn't steal Bill's thunder and rain on the parade that was one of their last group outings, but he knew the truth was that he was simply too sad and scared to say anything.

And now? Now he lay in the hammock and cried, silent tears slipping out of his eyes and down his cheeks. He told himself it was just an overwhelming fear of spiders.

He must have sniffled a bit too loud, because suddenly Richie was there, and he was closing his eyes to fake being asleep. Eddie could

feel Richie standing over him, not moving. Before he could open his eyes and say “Boo! I’m awake!”, he felt a kiss being pressed to the top of his head.

“I love you, Eds,” Richie whispered so quietly that Eddie was almost convinced he was dreaming. “Don’t be scared.”

Slowly, he opened his eyes, finding himself face to face with a kneeling Richie. “Hey.”

“H-Hey,” Richie stuttered, face having gone completely white in the dark. “You were having a nightmare.”

“I guess,” Sniffling, Eddie wiped the tears from his eyes. “Wanna get in? It’s cold.” In the middle of summer, it was most definitely not cold. But he needed an excuse to be next to Richie, anything was good enough for him.

“Sure.”

Crawling in, Richie curled up next to him as best he could in a hammock. Turning around in the hammock, Eddie made sure that they were facing each other. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Richie breathed. He looked different without his glasses on, but it was a wonderful sort of different. Reaching up, Eddie traced the tan on the bridge of Richie’s nose from wearing his glasses in the sun. “What are you doing?”

“Just looking at you.”

Richie swallowed hard, looking as nervous as Eddie felt. “Why?”

“Because you’re pretty,” Eddie smiled, a soft and sweet thing that he only saved for Richie. “And because I love you too.”

“You heard that,” It was more of a statement than a question, scared and cautious.

“Yeah.”

“Why were you crying?”

“I’m,” Eddie started, then stopped to clear his throat. It felt like it was closing up, and his chest hurt more than it ever had before. “Rich, I’m moving.”

Stunned, Richie did something very out of character: he stayed completely silent as his eyes filled with fat tears that fell and soaked the hammock. “No, you can’t go too.” Reaching out, he grabbed Eddie’s hand and just held it, like Eddie was the one keeping him tethered to planet earth right now. “You can’t leave me. You can’t leave.”

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to leave you.”

They lay there and cried. There was no other way to describe them. They held each other tightly in that hammock and cried, cried for something that could have been, had life not gotten in the way. Eddie cried for something good that he had to leave behind, and Richie cried for something good that was being taken from him.

“I love you, Eddie,” Richie whispered again, voice hoarse from crying.

“I love you too, Rich,” Eddie said, and he fucking meant it. He meant it with every fiber of his being.

Coming in close, Eddie pressed his lips to Richie’s, and suddenly the world was okay. For a moment, it was just them two in the hammock, sharing a teary and longing kiss. First and only, but it meant more to them than anything else.

The two boys drifted off into sleep, holding hands and a tangle of limbs. It was the first and last time they’d lay there like that, a good thing that was never allowed to become more than what it was.

But in that moment, all the bad things in life went away. They were together, and that was what mattered to them. That was the only thing that mattered.

They slept better than they ever had, and better than they ever

would.

Author's Note:

I love them so much help

I hope you guys enjoyed it! Please comment feedback, it helps keep me motivated and helps me know what you guys do and don't like!

Follow me on instagram at archangelica_angelica or on tumblr at eddiesdeaddie if you want to get in touch or just to watch me shitpost!